

Chronotope

◀ CONTINUED FROM PG. 5

TO SURVIVE

I said to you, "I am afraid sometimes, that you will just move on like you always seem to do. You will leave our world behind."

You replied, "I don't just move on. Every time, I become a different person. I change every time I go to prison or lose friends. I let go as I change because I have to, to survive."

ON TIME AND SPACE

Capital has stolen our time from us (it needed it for production) and it has stolen our space (it needed it first for the place of production, then as a system of control...

There is no escape from the domain claimed by the systems of control. Since the nature of this economic order is expansion, since each inch and second is measured we expected to be disturbed. For awhile, we overlapped in a narrow shell of borrowed space and time, overlooked in the folds. But we paid no dues and so an artificial glare came to make it's order in the darkness.

We continued as always, though the shell had been overturned because, to us, relationships were bonds with inevitable ends.

Since our projects of liberation would always be intertwined this relationship was not so important to preserve, we thought. We were wrong.

When they ripped you out of our world they robbed us of our possibility, our ability to act together: the foundation of affinity, rare and precious. Sometimes we must have accomplices and without them we are limited.

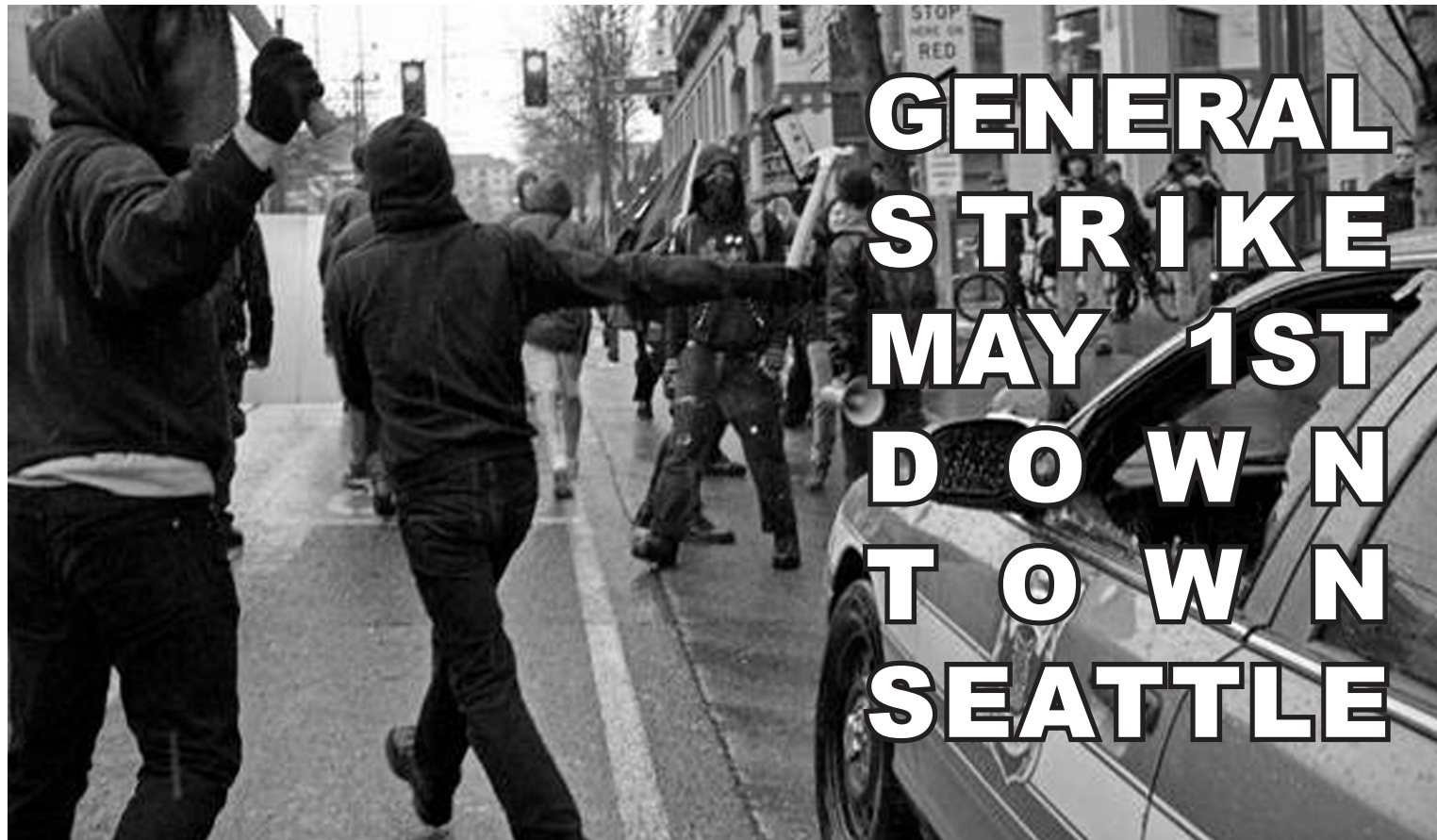
What to do? Go in search of lost time? Of lost space? This we will not do. We are faced with the need to expropriate our time and space. To determine own terms of existence we must steal back our lives, not only in terms of production and property, but with all the skies in our vision.

Our relationships are dangerous when they are the sun and water to our own seeds of rebellion. It is up to us to transform our relationships into weapons and use them to create the space we need to experience freedom in the ruins of domination and exploitation; where there can be no threat of prison or deportation.

CHRONOTOPE

is a collaborative text written by two lovers after their forced separation. One is a US citizen, the other is a Canadian.

It is available at Left Bank Books and at The Wildcat.



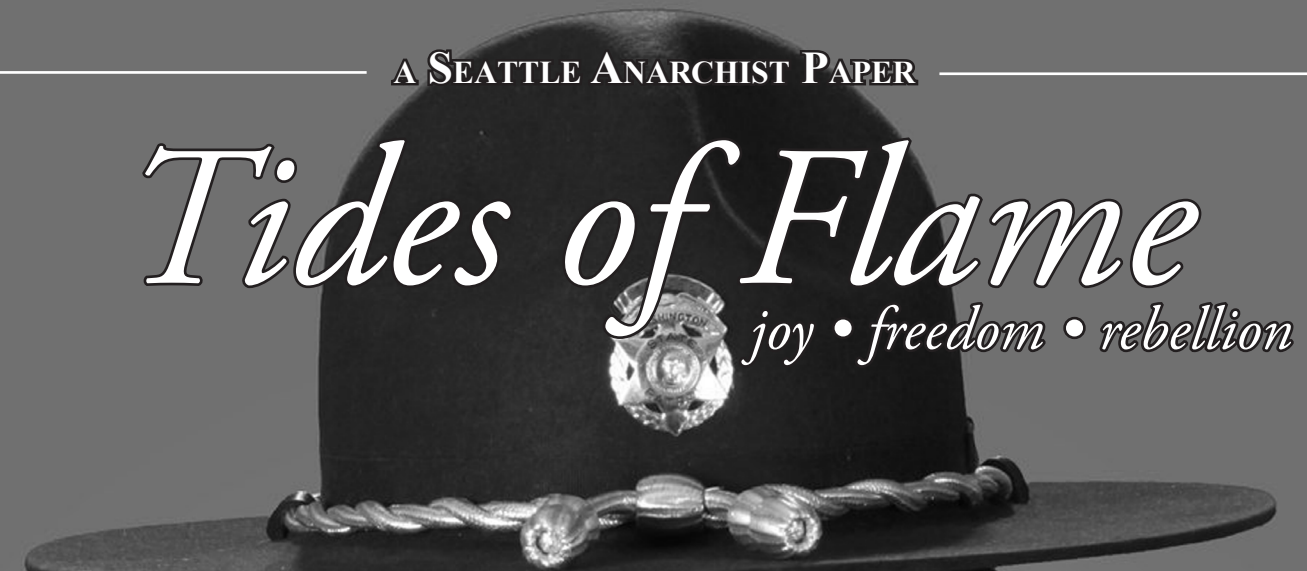
pugetsoundanarchists.org
anarchistinternational.org
anarchistnews.org

thewildcat.org
theanarchistlibrary.org
waronsociety.noblogs.org

A SEATTLE ANARCHIST PAPER

Tides of Flame

joy • freedom • rebellion



I HATE BIG BROTHER

issue 16 ~ early march 2012

- THE DEATH OF TROOPER TONY • STOOPID STOOPID STADIUM FEVER •
- NO PEACE WITH THE POLICE • MAY DAY PAST AND FUTURE
- THE SIEGE OF CITY HALL • CHRONOTOPE: LOVERS ACROSS BORDERS •



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Tides of Flame is a biweekly periodical which is part of an ongoing project of anarchist analysis and practice within the Puget Sound area.

We strive to live lives of joy, freedom, and rebellion, and for this, we are criminals.



*Who will revive the
violent whirlpools
of flame
if not us and those
that we consider
brothers?*

Come!

*New friends:
this will please you.
We will never work,
oh tides of flame!*

**This world
will explode.**

~ A. Rimbaud

News Shorts From Seattle

Brief reports from the bowels of the city.



Mayor McGinn addresses some sports-fan-citizens.

The Mayor and the Stadium

>>>Recently, the increasingly megalomaniacal Mayor Mike McGinn has done his part to help drown out worries of the economic depression by making lots of noise over a proposal for a new Seattle stadium. We can't even begin to imagine how much uglier SODO will be with a third sports arena, nor can we imagine that the manufactured elation over the new stadium will last very long. At best, the story of the stadium's progress will serve as a temporary diversion amidst a sequence of unending disasters and calamities. We hope everyone enjoyed the absolutely pointless publicity and spectacle created with the help of the four major Seattle networks, *The Seattle Times*, and *The Stranger*, our favorite newspaper. Years from now, we are sure some of you will find yourselves watching a game at the new stadium, the bottom of your shoes caked in vomit as beer trickles down your back. Enjoy!

The Spirit of John T. Williams

>>>On February 26th, the first of three totem poles to be raised in honor of the life of John T. Williams was carried by 90 people to Seattle Center where it was hoisted upright beside that iconic monument to capitalist-scientific progress, the Space Needle. We are pleased that the family of Williams was able to honor their fallen brother in the traditional manner. Native practices have persevered despite the best efforts of colonization, mass murder, and cultural genocide, so it will always be beautiful to see them still in practice. However, the police and the mayor predictably used this opportunity to bolster their own disintegrating PR images and credibility.

Fortunately, the Westlake Park Blackbadgers, a small anarchist crew from downtown, interrupted the Mayor's speech with repeated screams of "McGinn you fucking snake in the grass!" The Blackbadgers report that then "Other natives in the crowd began to yell while Badgers argued with [McGinn's] people and tribal elders. The Badgers jumped on their skateboards and shouted insults at [McGinn] as they skated back to the space needle skatepark. McGinn started his speech again, and [commented] on how 'he understood the anger.' Many natives in the crowd turned their backs and walked away."

While we may respect the traditional ways of remembrance, we (and many others) do not respect the idea of peace with the police force or the city government. The danger we see here is that the city and the police will use the Williams' family's peace-making as a tool to suppress rebellious anti-police activity and to marginalize a very widespread and very legitimate anger. Rick Williams has decided to make *his own* peace with the SPD, a peace we fear will be foisted upon all of us who seek to bring the ongoing social war to the surface.

During the anti-police protests of last winter, Rick Williams and a handful of self-appointed community leaders decried instances of property destruction and violence against the police, calling instead for peace and patience. These leaders were quoted again and again by the mainstream media and welcomed into dialogue with the city because they did not really represent much of a threat to the foundations of police power. Horizontally spreading revolt, on the

CONTINUED ON PG. 7 ►

News Shorts

◀ CONTINUED FROM PG. 2

other hand, had the potential to really shake things up. Thus, once marches became repetitive and predictable and numbers dwindled, a crackdown ensued. (For a more in-depth account of the winter 2011 Seattle anti-police protests, including strategic reflections from an anarchist perspective, check out *Burning the Bridges They Are Building* at <http://riselikelions.net>)

Pacification is the reduction of a rebellious people into a position of peaceful submission. Do not be pacified.

The 'Siege' Of City Hall

>>>The next day, on what would have been John T. Williams' birthday, a group of over 100 people marched in the street from SCCC to City Hall. The group carried one red and black banner that read "BRING DIAZ DOWN." This was the march specifically aimed at toppling Chief Diaz. When the march reached Westlake Park over a dozen people lit pre-made torches and walked the remaining distance to City Hall looking very ominous and exciting. Once there, the group dropped its torches and stormed into the City Council meeting, splashing some fake blood on the City Hall steps on their way. Outside, police put out the remaining flames in the street with a fire extinguisher.

There was exactly one person in attendance at the City Council meeting when the group entered. At first it seemed as if the crowd would remain rowdy, but once the council members began to speak, people assumed their expected roles as spectators and observers of the political process. Utilizing the official public comment period, some people read a statement that included sentences like this: "In consideration of the Seattle Police Department's abuse of the citizens of Seattle, its violent and unnecessary repression of nonviolent protesters and its disproportionate targeting of the most disenfranchised members of society, we are here to announce that John Diaz does not have the mandate of the people;

he will no longer be the Chief of the Seattle police department."

We find this statement to be troubling. It implies that someone could perform the function of Chief of Police better than Diaz and that someone could have the mandate of the people. It also does not question that the police should exist. This statement was read to the city council members. Most of them appeared to be bored or not paying attention. (Likely they were actually uncomfortable but were pushing their



practiced abilities to remain stoic and unmoved into overdrive.) Later that day, supreme jerk-off Nick Licata dismissed the entire issue by saying "We're going through a DOJ review. We have a process in place to as how do we do better policing. That's the way to go about it." Although it should be clear, we will say it again. There is no point in negotiating with or even entertaining these sad and boring state functionaries. To do so only validates their existence as the managers of Seattle's capitalist economy. Their job is maintaining an apparently "peaceful" equilibrium so that the status quo (which is decidedly violent) can continue unimpeded. They absorb the brunt of our anger and channel it into the "appropriate channels," thereby successfully dissipating it.

After leaving the useless council members, the group walked up seven

flights of stairs to the office of the mayor. He wasn't in and so people stayed there, hung the BRING DIAZ DOWN banner off the balcony, ate a bunch of the kale in the mayor's "sharing garden" (how sweet!), and smoked cigarettes and weed while staring out over a view of the Port, the Olympic mountains, and, of course, the King County Jail. Later that night ten people were arrested for staying beyond the 6:00 PM closing time of City Hall.

We understand that making modest demands (for example, Diaz's resignation) is an old, gradualist method used by communists. Exactly a year ago, anarchists made it clear that it was okay to absolutely be against the existence of the police and, beyond this, that it was okay to fight them on the street. We do not know why people are taking a step backwards, especially when the SPD is so weak. Here is to hoping that we can collectively discover something new rather than rehash the failed tactic of engaging with the petty bureaucrats of City Hall or SPD Headquarters. ✨

March Events at...



Tuesday, March 6th, 7 PM

NO BOSSES!: Worker's Self-Management in Argentina's Occupied Factories

Sunday, March 11th, 7 PM

MOVIE NIGHT - *Squat 69*

The story of the eviction of Ungdomshuset, one of the oldest squats in Copenhagen

Saturday, March 17th, 7 PM

QUEER RESISTANCE IN THE AGE OF AUSTERITY with the editors of *Queer Ultraviolence*, the Bash Back! anthology

Wednesday, March 21st, 6:30 PM

PRISONER LETTER WRITING NIGHT

Sunday, March 25th, 6 PM

ANARCHIST ANTINOMES

A panel discussion about the social and anti-social aspects of anarchism.

The Wildcat is at 1105 23rd Avenue

May Day!

◀ CONTINUED FROM PG. 3

of workers, raiding union halls, destroying houses and apartments. The State’s attorney, Julius Grinnell, announced: “Make the raids first and look up the laws later!” The strikebreaking bosses donated money to the police to help with the efforts. It’s come out since that the police bribed false witnesses, planted weapons, tortured and beat folk who didn’t even know what socialism or anarchism were. Ten of the arrested were indicted, eight went to trial (William Seliger turned states evidence, while Rudolph Schnaubelt was never caught and lived free for the rest of his days.)

The government never pretended that any of the arrested threw the bomb. Instead, it was anarchism itself they tried, explicitly. Seven were sentenced to death, one to fifteen years. Of the seven, five refused to sign a petition to the governor for clemency, because they refused to admit guilt and because they refused to plead to the State. Of those five, four were hanged (Albert Parsons, August Spies, George Engel, Adolph Fisher), the fifth (Louis Lingg) took his life in prison.

Later, with five anarchists dead, the government was pressured to admit its wrongdoing and pardoned the three remaining anarchists. The memory of their struggle lives on to this day. 🌀

The Death of “Trooper Tony”

We’ve seen it all before. When a cop is killed the highways and streets fill with processions of squad cars and the network news blathers on about the tragedy, the horror, the sadness. Unlike the nine people who have been gunned down in Seattle recently, the banal and authoritarian life and legacy of a dead state trooper dominates the news and overshadows all the other lives that have been pointlessly extinguished. The mayor is declaring a “state of emergency” because of the recent murders and the police will undoubtedly be given more powers to crack down on the streets of South Seattle.

At a recent press conference, SPD lackey Nick Metz told the press, “We are going to be aggressive. We will be constitutional in our policing, we will be ethical in our policing, but we will be aggressive.” This insane

comment is meant to reassure the public that the police must be trusted. After the press conference, a young man on Martin Luther King Jr. Way told a King 5 reporter that more police in South Seattle will only end up with someone trying “to take out the cops.”

If people naturally felt sadness for the death of a cop, they would not have to be constantly reminded that they were sad, that this was a tragedy and nothing else, that the police are good and not to be questioned. That is the role of the mainstream media: to remind people of what they are not feeling. On the screen we are shown the conservative church of the slain trooper and images of his son crying. We are told his nickname is “Trooper Tony” and we listen to old ladies from the conservative wasteland of Kitsap County ramble on about the inherent goodness of this dead cop.

The person who killed “Trooper Tony” is named Joshua Blake, a 28-year-old from Port Orchard. We don’t know what his nickname was, nor will we ever find out. He is to be remembered as nothing more than a meth addict who hit his girlfriend and served time in prison. The fact that he promised himself and those around him that he would never return to prison is lost amidst the silence and the hatred directed at this taker of police life. To our bitter eyes, Joshua Blake’s promise shines like an ember buried beneath ash.

In his last hours, Blake was sheltered by a network of friends who did not hesitate to help someone who had just killed a cop. Now there are six people in jail for assisting him, including the girlfriend he used to beat. They will all be portrayed as foolish and their punishment will be severe, serving as an example to the population of the Puget Sound of what happens to those who attack the system that dominates their lives. But what we will never hear of again is Blake’s commitment to remaining free, nor will we ever know if his six friends shared that commitment.

In 2008, a Port Orchard police officer tried to pull [Blake] over for a minor traffic infraction. He sped off at 60 mph, crashed into another police car and then ran off. As officers pursued him, he returned to his car and sped away again — only to be caught later when a sheriff’s dog team chased him up a tree.

-The Seattle Times

There are always incidents of someone with a warrant making an insane getaway after a traffic stop. Usually these end with the

would-be escapee either in prison or dead. We should not forget that the State Patrol exists to enforce the law on the freeway and that they will not let people with a warrant just drive off with a warning. The function of the trooper is to obey orders, collect money, and contain accidents. The media loves to portray everything human about them once they are dead. What is ignored are the people they put in jail or financially cripple with fines. To these people who are negatively impacted, these troopers are just robots, feeling nothing, thinking nothing.

Nevertheless, we hear this sort of trash from Kitsap County Sherriff Steve Boyer, speaking about the friends who sheltered Blake: “The message has to come through loud and clear that this is a crime. It’s flat wrong, and it can’t be tolerated in a society.” Maurice Clemmons, the man who killed four cops in Lakewood in 2009, was also sheltered by a network of friends. Now, nearly all of these friends are in prison. Someone we know happened to get arrested one weekend and she ended up in the same jail where one of Clemmons’ accomplices was being held pending her conviction. Our acquaintance was very sick and the accomplice nursed her back to health. This woman would eventually be sent off to prison. Only people like us, her friends, and her family remember her.

Our basic assertion is that the existence and authority of the police is never questioned, especially by the mainstream media. There are variants of the dominant discourse that pop up here and there but they remain rooted in the mistaken belief that this system is worth maintaining. That is why we always try to offer a different viewpoint when we learn of these police murders. We want to remind you of the systemic role that these people fill and give you the details of what they do to people like us.

We hope you will help us undermine what the police and media are trying to do right now. Do not let them convince everyone that we deserve to be killed, beaten, gassed, incarcerated, or crippled. Do not end up like the son of Trooper Tony, who was so manipulated by his father that he would come to say this about him after his death:

He had a knack for being able to do his job in a way that even people that he was, you know, doing negative things to could come out of it feeling better about themselves and about police and about everything in life. 🌀



On Sunday, February 26th, at one of most well-attended recent Occupy Seattle general assemblies, the following proposal passed 102-10:

*Occupy Seattle stands in solidarity with and endorses the call for a general strike – A day without the 99%! On May Day, wherever you are, we are calling for: *No Work *No School *No Housework *No Shopping *No Banking—TAKE THE STREETS!*

Many have been wondering what has happened to Occupy Seattle. While this autumn saw the Seattle streets often filled with hundreds and even thousands of people chanting “We are the 99%,”* winter’s marches have been sparsely attended by mostly only Occupy die-hards and assorted wing-nuts like ourselves. Blame for the dwindling numbers has been slung all over the place. Some think swear-laden chants aimed at the filthy fucking pigs alienated protesters seeking only good, clean rebellion; others swear Occupy Seattle went off track once people began to look beyond the banks and towards the myriad manifestations of capitalism’s brutality. Some still believe that a Nonviolence Statement would have “saved” Occupy Seattle. Police repression, the eviction of the Seattle Central Community College encampment, and the tedium of repeated marches certainly also had an effect on Occupy Seattle’s strength and draw.

A recent article in the *Capitol Hill Times* suggested that OS’s in-fighting and hostile assembly environment simply caused the movement to fracture into various affinity groups made up of people with similar passions and political practices. To us, this seems only natural. It was only a matter of time before the tenuously cohesive and fictitious “99%” fell apart into a networked constellation of complimentary and sometimes even oppositional forces.

But something bright is on the horizon, and it’s not just spring. Occupy Seattle’s endorsement of the international May

MAY DAY! MAY DAY!

Day General Strike is a good sign that May 1st in Seattle is going to be huge.

With so many different groups now working towards building up for the big day, we expect to see thousands upon thousands of people on the streets.

How the day will be organized remains to be seen. Usually, May Day Seattle is organized by El Comité, a local Latino organization, and primarily focuses on immigrants’ rights. Last year, there were both anarchist and anti-capitalist blocs present at the demonstration, their banners and leaflets drawing attention to how the lives of undocumented immigrants and citizens alike are shaped by capitalism, states, borders, banks, and nationalism.

Some members of Seattle’s old Left are having trouble dealing with this wildly fantastical idea of a Seattle general strike. They are too wedded to the idea that a general strike requires the participation of all local unions. In the current social and economic reality, where unions have largely become mere levers for the adjustment of capitalism and when most people (89%) are non-unionized, a “general strike” will look much different. More like striking... generally. It is time for the dinosaurs to step aside and let the younger generation (and their supportive elders) make our own choices and take our own risks. We refuse to forever live within the confines of the past.

Tides of Flame will keep you updated on May Day developments. You should start thinking now about how you’d like to contribute to this year’s events. If you work, start conspiring with your co-workers to participate in the strike. Visit www.may1stseattle.org for awesome posters to print and plaster all over the city. Or, better yet, devise your own propaganda.

Historically, general strikes and big days of action have served as significant turning points in struggles against capitalism. When they have passed, they are reference points that fuel future revolt.

We all have the opportunity to see something beautiful blossom on the Seattle streets—don’t let it pass you by!

MAYDAY HISTORY

In 1884, radical labor unions declared that, as of May 1st, 1886, the eight-hour workday would be enacted.

On May 3rd, 1886, un-armed striking workers of the McCormick Harvester factory in Chicago demonstrated against the scabs who stole their jobs, and the strikers were fired upon by police. At least four workers were killed and many more were wounded. An emergency proclamation, in German and English, went throughout the city by the means of the anarchist press: “If you are men, if you are the sons of your grand sires, who have shed their blood to free you, then you will rise in your might, Hercules, and destroy the hideous monster that seeks to destroy you. To arms we call you, to arms.” An emergency rally was called for the next day, and on May 4th, 3,000 gathered at Haymarket Square in Chicago.

The anarchists Albert Parsons, August Spies, and Samuel Fielden spoke to the peaceably assembled crowd. The Mayor himself stopped by and, noting the non-violent nature of the rally, continued on his way. By the end of Fielden’s speech, two-thirds of the crowd had left and the rally was winding down. But then 180 police—led by the infamously violent Captain John Bonfield—marched into the rally and demanded the dispersal of the crowd. (This seems to still happen quite a bit.)

Someone threw a bomb into the police, killing one officer. The police opened fire and killed an unknown number of the rally’s attendants. Seven more officers were killed, most by friendly fire, but it is possible that the crowd defended itself as well. And while most of the history of Mayday focuses exclusively on men fighting, men dying, men as heroes and villains and martyrs, it’s known that the crowd there at Haymarket was composed of women and men alike, and that there were women militants as well as men.

THE TRIAL

After the second massacre, the police went into a panic, rounding up hundreds

CONTINUED ON PG. 6 ▶

Chronotope: *Literally means “time-space” and is defined by Bakhtin as the intrinsic connectedness of temporal and spatial relationships. Looking through the optic of the chronotope you see that time and space are not separable from one another, nor the experience of existence. It is the place where the knots of our lives are tied and untied.*

The immigration cop had mirror shades. I thought of Cool Hand Luke as the world was reflected in those two puddles of mercury. I saw only power, toxic and timeless in his every movement and word. I knew immediately I would be deported.

I had just been pulled over for no apparent reason by two detectives who took my drivers license and made a quick phone call, evidently to this goof with the mirror shades. He asked me how long I had been in Canada and following Victor Serge’s advice I decided to “deny, even the evidence.” The answer was irrelevant and before I could react I was in handcuffs.

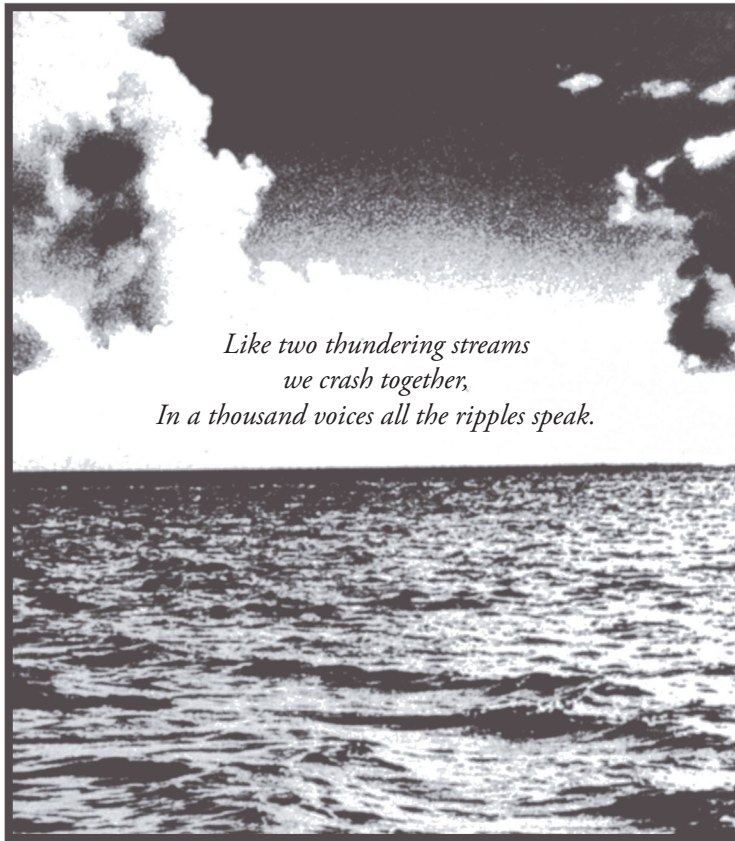
*The rhythms of revolt
echo the cadences of comedy.*
- Dario Fo

I was brought to the immigration processing center downtown and put in a cell with seven other prisoners. Introduced myself to people from all over the world, Uganda, India, Mexico, Russia, and Sri Lanka.

I said to the Sri Lankans, “Hey you guys are famous,” having recently read about the boatload of Sri Lankan immigrants found off the coast in the papers. Everyone laughed cynically. It was, I think, the ridiculous irony of the situation, being all over the news and ones situation known to so many, yet still locked in a piss stinking cell. There is often a dark kind of humor in prisons and the laughter has a sediment of anger and revolt to it. It seemed through laughing

together we gained a greater awareness of our own condition.

I learned also that sympathy is a counterfeit emotion for suckers that is usually offered with a crooked con grin of amused contempt and rejected with a spittled snarl.
- Iceberg Slim (Robert Beck)



*Like two thundering streams
we crash together,
In a thousand voices all the ripples speak.*

We were all put in leg shackles and herded out of the cell by private security guards. As our shackles were clanking and we were shuffling down stairs to be transported to different prisons in the area, another prisoner remarked, “I can’t wait until I don’t have to hear that sound anymore.” A screw earnestly and with as much sympathy as he could muster replied “Come on, it’s not that bad, you all get TV’s and three meals a day.” This reinforced my already low

opinion of guards which is basically that while “a cop is a bully too stupid to be a politician. A prison guard is someone too stupid to be a cop.”

The look of disgust and disdain that we gave this idiot for his remark was enough for him to gulp and say, “But I guess prison is still prison though.”

I would never lie. I willfully participate in a campaign of misinformation.
- Fox Mulder, *The X-Files*

Being processed involved being moved from holding cell to holding cell, slowing moving through the bureaucracy of dehumanization. Eventually I was brought into a small office by a frumpy looking guard who put on an air of mock friendliness, which I guess was supposed to put me at ease, but actually made me more nervous.

He asked me if I had ever been in prison before. I lied and said, “No,” partly to avoid the questions that would follow (i.e. Where? For what?) and partly because I wanted to be as disrespectful as possible. The

screw then explained with a stern face the intricacies of the word goof and all the horrible things prisoners would do to me if I used that word. I struggled to hold back laughter. Again laughter bounces the idea of rebellion back to me as I was confronted with the absurd situation I found myself in, that of hearing a guard, who was helping to hold me in prison, thinking he was doing me a favor by explaining to me the dangers of using a word that only makes me think

of a Disney character.

Inside general population I reconized someone from a park that I frequented for illicit purposes. It turns out robbing the porn shop around the corner with a pair of box cutters hadn’t worked out so well for him, go figure.

The next day back at the processing center the guard that was going to drive me to the border whispers in my ear as she was leading me down the hall in shackles,

“I am against the Olympics too.”

“Why are you doing this job, you know, locking people in cages and all,” I replied.

She seemed distraught, “I have kids to feed, and I work for a security company that just happens to be hired by the government.”

I felt vulnerable in shackles and having in the past experienced a beating at the hands of guards, which they ever so often enjoy doling out when their world view is challenged, I bit my lip.

She looked at me expecting sympathy.

I gave her none.

What humanity did these people deserve, who lacked fundamental feelings in their hearts where there was only room for a bunch of keys.
-Xose Tarrio

Guards, cops, politicians, and more, there are so many roles in this world that ought not exist and deserve at the very minimum our deepest contempt. Eternal contempt for all those that by following a democratic decree lock us all in cages as small as a prison cell or as large as a nation.

DEPORTATION

As you took off they were running past me. Their only warning was a screech of tires and a shout. I can’t even remember what was said. It didn’t matter we knew they were cops.

This time there was no bluff about why they were here. The chase only lasted a matter of strides and then, all

around us on foot and in cars, they were after you. You were on the wrong side of the border again.

There is a turmoil that arises when you are of a certain temperament, outnumbered and watching your friends get arrested. A deep sickening feeling of rage and futility. Then there is the feeling that comes when you know it is wise to leave if you don’t want to be in handcuffs too. If you stay any longer you have to make a definite choice between obedience or refusal.

I walked towards you - on the ground, face down, hands cuffed, shoe less. They yelled at me, “Stay back!” I sat down at your feet and held your leg mouthing “I love you.” You nodded back.

Getting up, I crossed the street then I turned and let loose all the words I could think of. Cursing the border agents for the fucking scum that they are.

Then it was time for me to run.

True, border guards are only part of the circuit, tiny wheels in the clocks that maintain this order. They are dogs, guard dogs of the rich: pawns to be used and shuffled, but wolves to us.

Through the sadness and fury I felt resolve in the refusal to submit.

REDEPLOYMENT

The reason they pulled us over was a little golden key known as identity - never mind whatever excuse they gave. Just like a key, with the right identity you can have access to anywhere.

Without it you are out of place, vulnerable to those who will tear you apart from all that you have woven into your life and put you back where you “belong:” in prison, or some other place, redeployed in the modes of production.

SUSPENDED TIME

And so it was we found our lives together in this time and space outlawed.

As soon as you were stolen, I felt time change. I don’t know if time is constant, but I do know that the experience of time is not. We can compress it and we let it go.

If we are working, we never have

enough time. If we have too much time it’s difficult to begin. Waiting for a deported lover to return is an awful limbo, that leaves life suspended and causes time to spasm into eternity.

Relationships seem to be inseparable from the threads of time and space. As long as our time and space are not our own our ties to one another are vulnerable to the whims of those who claim that control.

FACE TO FACE

Face to face with the enemy.
On this winter torn shore,
I am fire and rain, my tears.

White apple blossoms whisper outside the window in billows still and soft.
Against the cedar, memories and winter dissolve into muddled earth.

Beauty and comfort in the blossom unfurled.
Stillness in the eagle above, carving wide, certain circles in the sky.

All this too can be taken away.

Our violent separation tilled an unquenchable anger. set to rage in a confined space inside my chest.
Beings become cages too as
Walls shoot up beyond, around and within us -
All potential sites of conflict.

This anger wants to meet it’s target - face to face.
Gut it and skin it.
Control’s shadow casts over us,
Haunts us in our waking dreams both day and night.

Sometimes this anger wants only to forget itself,
but I hone it and I sharpen it.
I am a double edged blade and I cut both ways.